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## LITERARY.

### TOWN AND COUNTRY CLERGYMEN.

He was a fool through choice, not want of wit;  
the very top

And dignity of Folly we attain

By studious search, and labour of the brain.

WILMOT.

THERE are few who have reached their grand climacteric without having renounced many of their early opinions, and viewed men and things in a very different light from that in which they appeared to the juvenile mind; and there are perhaps still fewer, at that stage of life, who, were it in their power to retrace their steps, would pursue exactly the same track on the journey.—But that knowledge which we derive from experience comes generally too late to be applied to any efficient purpose; our choice of a profession, or a business, has been made, and it is too late to change; and our habits have been so long formed, that, in the quaint style of the proverb, they have become second nature. Although it must be confessed that too many adopt no plan, but pass recklessly forward, or rather allow themselves to be impelled by their passions, which are often excited by trivial circumstances; yet it must also be admitted, that specious theories for the regulation of our conduct, however plausible they may appear, and however obstinately they may be maintained, often fail in producing the expected result. The effeminate slave of Pleasure, and the mad votary of Ambition, often find the paths which they tread lead to objects very different from those which were anticipated. Mark Antony, in the arms of Cleopatra, thought not of suicide, after being betrayed and deserted by those in whom he had confided. Did Charles V., when dictating to the Sovereigns of Europe, calculate upon closing life by counting his beads in a cloister? Buonaparte, when leading five hundred thousand warriors into Russia, never imagined that he was pursuing the direct road to an insulated rock in the Indian Ocean, where he was to be doomed to writhe under the petty insults and caprice of a satellite of power, who, a short while before, would have reckoned it a high honour to have been permitted to appear in his presence.

Still more uncertain are our schemes for promoting the happiness of our posterity; the father starves himself, that his son may die of a surfeit;—the mother destroys her daughter's health by empirical cosmetics, to improve her beauty;—Mary

Queen of Scots was left heiress to a crown which conducted her to the scaffold;—the Earl of Chesterfield wrote four large volumes for the instruction of his son, whom the fond father expected to see the most accomplished gentleman of his age, and the disappointed parent had the mortification to find him turn out a fool. So true is the couplet of Burns—

The best-laid schemes of mice and men  
Gang aft a-gley.

These reflections occurred to me, when glancing over the obituary of an old Magazine, in which the death of my friend, the Reverend Andrew Baxter, was recorded. Of this man I think myself warranted in saying, that whatever might be his foibles, they were the errors of the head, rather than of the heart. Andrew had, from his earliest years, a most insatiable thirst for learning; he was an excellent classic at twelve, and went to College in his fifteenth year, where he pursued his studies with unremitting assiduity, and almost unrivalled success. Early in the first session he formed an acquaintance with Francis Halliday, a student, also in his noviciate. As both were intended for the church, there was much similarity in their studies: Francis was at least two years older than Andrew, and of course had reflected more upon his future progress in life. Both, like race-horses nearly matched, pressed hard on each other in their progressive studies; but they were generous rivals, influenced by no passion less dignified than a laudable emulation. Yet although both seemed to pursue the same path, the objects they had in view were essentially different. Andrew courted Knowledge, because he sincerely loved her; Francis prized Learning, only as the ladder by which he might climb to wealth and honour in the world. Still, with these incongruities in their dispositions, a growing intimacy took place between them; they visited each other during the vacation, and at the commencement of next Session took lodgings together.

Their professional studies were now less fatiguing, and they had more leisure for excursions in the regions of fancy, or in disputing with each other, for which they had an ample field; as they not only differed from each other on many topics, but on some subjects held opinions diametrically opposite. For instance, Andrew held the Latin adage of *poeta nascitur non fit*, in its most unlimited sense, considering it as of universal application. Had the system of Gall and Spurzheim been then

broached, he would have been among the first proselytes, and would have beat the Baronet and the Lecturer hollow, both with arguments and illustrations; although the system has so direct a tendency to materialism, that he would have found some difficulty in reconciling it to the general orthodoxy of his creed. But amidst his abstract speculations, it never occurred to him, that genius could be made palpable, and the fingers could decide on the properties of the mind; but one little circumstance seems to have escaped the observation of Prenologists, although known to every old woman in the country, namely, that a child's head is very often rubbed and pressed, till it assumes another shape; this is particularly the case with a hollow which runs across the crown, often very large in young children; and where it continues so through life, it is generally affirmed that the arch of wisdom has been neglected in infancy; this is surely doing violence to Nature; and how shall the disciples of Spurzheim judge whether she or the nurse has filled up the worse than barren cavities in the skull? But this is digressing; let me return.

Andrew, although most fully convinced that man was formed by Nature for some particular study or pursuit, knew no better way of discovering her intentions, than by waiting till they developed themselves, not by bumps on the pericranium, but by the slow progress of youth displaying a liking and decisive partiality for some one particular pursuit. From this doctrine Francis differed in toto; for he maintained, that unless when some of the physical organs were defective, there were very few instances where Nature had not imparted powers, requiring only persevering application, to attain a proficiency, and even arrive at excellence, in any art or science. He affirmed, in the most unqualified manner, that for any thing that Nature had to do in the business, Shakespeare and Newton might have changed places, that Wolfe might have compiled Johnson's Dictionary, and the Lexicographer triumphed at Quebec. These opposite opinions led to many a long argument, but never produced conviction; for Andrew would exclaim with Pope,

One science only will one genius fit;  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit;

and would then add, that we might as well plant the weeping willow on the highest ridge of Arthur's Seat, and the English oak in the middle of the moss of Kincardine, as do violence to Nature by attempt-

ting to make a philosopher of him whom she had destined to be a hero, and *vice versa*.

To this Francis replied, that poetry was not proof, and similes were sophistical arguments; yet to answer him in his own way, it was not long ago since that exotic and beautiful tree, the larch, was reared in a green house, being imagined too delicate for our climate; but we now find it in rich luxuriance on the hill and in the vale, as if it were indigenous to the soil; and he closed his arguments thus, that what we reckoned innate propensity in boys, was nothing more than the effect of early and accidental associations; as boys in seaport-towns often become sailors, while those in the interior of the country never think of it.

To this Andrew would reply, that Pope "lisp'd in numbers;" and that Sir Richard Arkwright originally a barber, even after his marriage, would leave a gentleman in the suds, lay down his razor, and draw diagrams and wheels with chalk on the pannels of his shaving-shop, till his wife concluding that he was going out of his senses, and taking counsel with her next-door neighbour, a prudent, pains-taking tailor, he, like the curate with Don Quixote, advised her to take away the cause, and the effect would cease. In compliance with this sage advice, all the barber's wheels and models were, one morning before he got up, blazing in a bonfire, when, instead of losing time in scolding or beating his rib, he patiently and perseveringly set to work till the whole were replaced. These, and many other instances of the triumphs of genius, were urged by Andrew, who concluded by affirming, that, should he ever have a son, he would allow him to make his own choice of the path he was to follow through life. Francis, with equal information, and not less obstinacy, adhered to his former opinion; and declared his fixed resolve, that should he ever be a father, he would determine what business his son should follow while the child was in leading-strings, and make him pursue that course of education best adapted to qualify him for his destined employment.

Their opinions about love and marriage were not less opposed to each other; Andrew affirmed, that love was wholly an affair of the heart; that there was a delicacy and purity in a first love that no subsequent passion could inspire; and that in marriage, every consideration about future happiness founded on the cold, calculating principles of what was often named prudence, was no other than mean, selfish cunning, unworthy of the name of love, and never found a place in the heart glowing with that passion in its genuine and spotless purity. In a word, the heart and feelings only should be consulted: if worldly wisdom were allowed to interfere, it operated like a blighting frost, or a

worm in the rose, withering the bud before it had expanded into blossom. Opposed to this romantic theory, Francis argued, that such a love was the fever of the brain, the child of Fancy nursed by Folly; and that the chances were an hundred to one, that a union, founded on such a visionary basis, would never produce domestic happiness. That, in as far as he was capable of judging, every love, or liking, not sanctioned by prudence, ought to be considered as a disease, and cured as speedily as possible. That if the seat of Wisdom were allowed to be in the head, and that of Feeling in the heart, the qualities which might attract a lover were often very different from those which would continue to please a husband. Courtship might be an affair of feeling; but in marriage, the judgment and common sense should always be consulted. Human life, not being an elysium of uninterrupted felicity, but a shifting scene of cares and rational enjoyments, woman was not to be considered as a toy, to smile, fondle, and talk sentimental nonsense, but to perform the more important duties of a prudent housewife and careful mother. Hence, marriage was an act which required cool and cautious deliberation; for which reason, a prudent man would avoid falling in love, as he would shun the contagion of an infectious fever. He who resolved to marry, would look around him for a woman of plain common sense, of a good, or at least respectable family; and although fortune was not to be considered as a *sine qua non*, yet it should form a very desirable appendage. A match thus founded would produce esteem, the only soil in which that rational love could spring the fruit of which was domestic happiness.

Andrew heard all this with indifference, bordering on contempt; for his imagination was soaring in airy dreams, as far elevated above the region of common sense as the other was sunk below the true dignity of man, in the mire of grovelling selfishness.

During the last session that Andrew attended college, he boarded in a family consisting of a widow and her daughter. The mother had a small annuity, her daughter was a milliner and fashionable dress-maker; and, as an addition to their income, they received one or two respectable boarders. Miss Lindsay had received a fashionable education, and Nature had endowed her with a handsome stature and fine face; she sang with delicate feeling, and played on the spinnet with good taste, (piano-fortes were not then in fashion.) From the nature of her business, she had occasion to see several ladies above her own rank, and caught many of their amiable weaknesses, with a tolerable share of sentimental affection, which rendered her still more attractive in the eyes of Andrew, whose imagination had always invested a woman worthy of being beloved with a

fascinating delicacy and refined sensibility, resembling what Miss Lindsay now exhibited; and before the close of the session he was deeply in love. It was the first attack, and his mind was so susceptible, that it tingled in every vein. His enthusiasm shed around it a halo of such imaginary purity and transporting ecstasy, that his heart was intoxicated with an ideal and voluptuous draught of his own creation. Although his every look and action plainly indicated the state of his heart, he had not ventured to whisper the tender tale; for he held her virgin delicacy in such esteem, or rather such idolatrous adoration, that he shrunk from the disclosure. But Miss Lindsay was not blind, nor was her heart invulnerable; it also was wounded, although not so deeply; and it depended on contingencies whether the wound admitted of cure. However, she contrived to give Andrew a fair opportunity, and soon led him to an explicit declaration of his sentiments, to which she replied with fascinating blushes and maidenly modesty, which gave new virulence to the poison, and, without kindling hope, had no tendency to nurse despair. It was only when he was about to leave town, that, as he fondly pressed her trembling hand, she acknowledged a respect for him, which might probably in time ripen into a softer and more delicate feeling, but she was inclined to keep both her heart and hand disengaged as long as possible.

Soon after being licensed, Andrew was engaged as a tutor in a gentleman's family, where he continued three years. Faithful to his first love, he had visited Miss Lindsay every year, and she continued to fan the flame, but prudently avoided coming under any promise to one whose future establishment in life was so precarious. However, the tutor had given such complete satisfaction to his employer, that the incumbent of a parish of which he had the patronage dying, the tutor received a presentation to the kirk. No sooner was he settled, than, "faithful to his former fires," the now Reverend Andrew Baxter flew on the wings of love, and again, with respectful tenderness, but greater confidence, pressed his suit. To reward such well-tried and unshaken constancy, Miss Lindsay, now, with delicate sensibility,

Smil'd, sigh'd, and blush'd, as willing to be woo'd;  
And in a languid whisper breath'd consent.

I saw the happy couple, as they visited at my father's during the honey-moon. He had a manly and graceful air; she was slender, but beautifully elegant in form and stature, with a mild but melting lustre in her eye, and a blush of winning softness suffusing her cheek; and they seemed a couple mutually loving and beloved.

Fortune, although a little more tardy in conferring her favours, had not forgotten Halliday, who, in about a year after the settlement of his friend, obtained a crown presentation to a charge in a coun-



try town within a few miles of the manse occupied by his former College chum. From what has been already stated of Francis, it will not be supposed that his heart was very susceptible of the tender passion; indeed, he was too prudent to entangle himself in the toils of Love. However, now that he was sure of a competency for life, it was necessary to have a housekeeper, and he believed no one would act so faithfully as one who had an interest in the economy and prosperity of his establishment and that must be a wife. But as it was probable that this appendage to his household would also bring the addition of other claimants on their protection, he deemed it prudent, if possible, to obtain a partner whose fortune, added to his stipend, might enable them to make a better provision for their progeny. After having been repulsed in his addresses to the daughter of a country squire, and next thing to jilted by the rich banker's widow, who, after some deliberation, preferred cheerful scarlet to gloomy black, he at last wooed, and won the heart of a farmer's daughter, with a fortune of one thousand pounds.

New pursuits led me from that quarter of the country, to which I returned after an absence of seven years. Soon after my arrival, I was invited along with my father's family, to dine at the manse with Mr. Baxter. "I am glad of this invitation," said I; "Mrs. Baxter was, and still must be, a fine woman; her figure was elegantly graceful, and her face the index of a meek and cheerful mind." My mother smiled, but made no reply. The manse was situate near the bottom of a sloping bank, the garden in front stretched to the margin of a rivulet, clear as rock crystal, which murmured on the mossy rocks in a narrow glen; the stream was overshadowed by shrubs, under which the vernal primrose bloomed, while the blushing wild-rose on the bank, and the pendulous fox-glove on the cliffs, gave beauty to the summer; while finches, thrushes, and blackbirds, with their melody, waked the echoes around. We approached the manse by a little gate, which opened on the rivulet; our path leading through the garden, on each side of which was a rustic arbour, covered with honeysuckle, eglantine, and clematis, so that, from their situation, either sun or shade could be enjoyed. Across the bottom of the garden ran a smooth and closely-shorn velvet walk, which exhibited evident marks that it was the good man's retreat, both for exercise and contemplation: it was bounded on the outside by a high and impervious hedge of evergreen holly, and on the other with a variety of shrubs and flowers; from this a trim gravel walk, bordered with boxwood, led to a circular green in the middle of the garden, in the centre of which stood a sun-dial constructed by the parson, with this motto, *Tempus edax rerum*; it stood on

a narrow mound, raised to a considerable height, and surrounded by three terraces above each other, all of turf, in which were interspersed snow-drops, crocuses, daisies and other flowers. The garden was separated from the house by a clean paved court, and bounded by a low wall, decorated with a light and neat wooden railing. The parson had observed our approach, and, according to the good old fashion of the times, which indicated a hearty welcome, met us on our egress from the garden. After exchanging compliments, I had time to observe a cherry-tree spread out on the front-wall of the house; the window of the minister's study, as I could perceive from the number of books and a small portable desk on the table, was richly festooned on the outside with woodbine and roses; a box of mignonette occupied the outer sill, and a swallow's nest was stuck in the upper corner.

We were now conducted to the drawing-room, and I was introduced to Mrs. Baxter. I do not know that I ever felt equal surprise on so trivial an occasion; I have already expressed what appeared to me when I last saw her, but her face and form were now so metamorphosed, that I could scarcely persuade myself that it was the same person before me. I like to see a matron *em-bon-point*, but Mrs. Baxter was corpulent and unwieldy; when she sat down, the sofa might be said to groan with her weight; the rose which, seven years ago, bloomed more sweetly on her cheek from the delicate whiteness with which it was surrounded, had now not only assumed a deeper and less pleasing tint, but had banished the lily from every part of her face and neck that was visible; not merely her complexion, but also her features were changed, and neither for the better; her voice was also strangely disagreeable, for by affecting a languid sensibility, she endeavoured to modulate her voice accordingly, and it seemed to me as an unnatural but abortive effort of ventriloquism. Four children were now introduced; the eldest a boy, I was told, in his seventh year; the youngest not as many months, and in the nurse's arms; for Mr. Baxter said her health had become so delicate that she had nursed only her first child. When the infant began to cry, she ordered the nurse to take it away, for her nerves were torn with its abominable squalling.

Soon after, the Rev. Francis Halliday and his lady arrived, their vehicle of conveyance being a common cart; their cushions—sacks stuffed with straw, and their carpet clean dry hay; Mrs. Halliday was a tall, masculine-looking woman, very plainly dressed, and, both in personal appearance and apparel, forming a striking contrast to Mrs. Baxter, who was dressed in the extreme of the fashion. In a few minutes we sat down to dinner, our attendant being a woman on the wrong side of

forty, blind of an eye, and her face not only pitted, but scarred and seamed by the small-pox. The table displayed dishes and delicacies, as I thought, unsuited to the income of a country clergyman, while we were teased with apologies about the pooriness of our entertainment, uttered with a languor which seemed to come from the lips of some delicate fair in the last stage of a consumption, rather than those of the Dutch-built vrow at the head of the table. "The dinner is excellent, and I shall do it justice," said Mrs. Halliday, "for my ride has given me a good appetite." "For which I envy you," replied the fine lady; "I am sure, had I rode a mile in such a vehicle, my nerves would have been all shattered; I should never have recovered the shock." "All want of custom, and too little exercise," said the other. "In this rural paradise, with your cows, dairy, and poultry, and fine scenery for walking, you might get as rich as Jews, and healthy as a milk-maid, Mrs. Baxter." "Ah! I wish I could encounter all that; when I walk out with Mr. Baxter, I am deafened with the lowing of cows,—the cackling of poultry tear my nerves at home,—the dairy is too fatiguing for me,—I am compelled to go to the kitchen, Nelly is so awkward,—and my maternal feelings oblige me to visit the nursery; so that you see I am fatigued with exertion."

Tom, her first born, was seated at table, and she was constantly checking him for some impropriety. "Tommy, my dear, hold your knife right—don't bawl so for what you want—see what a cloth you are making!" and many other equally important injunctions. After the cloth was removed, the two parsons resumed their old argument about the innate propensities of genius, over their wine, each tenaciously adhering to his early opinions. We then went out to have a walk in the garden. Mrs. Halliday requested Mrs. Baxter to shew her the cows, and inquired how many pigs she kept! "Oh! do not mention the detestable brutes,—you make me sick with the thought,—I should faint at the sight them." I happened to mention an acquaintance about whom Mr. Halliday was interested, and he requested that I would call on him when in town, that we might talk over the subject. After tea, the parson and his wife departed, seated beside each other in the cart. "My gracious! how vulgar," exclaimed Mrs. Baxter, "to see the minister and his lady in a dirt cart! but I suppose she still thinks herself on her father's farm; for she can talk of nothing but cows, pigs, and poultry: laugh! I have been told that the parson married her for money; and if so, he is rightly served; for she is neither qualified to be his companion, nor to give dignity to his vocation."

(To be continued.)

## THE BLACK KNIGHT OF LOCHOW.

## A HIGHLAND TRADITION.

The power of Richard, and the treachery of his mercenary partisans in Scotland, had almost effected a cessation of all open resistance in that unhappy country. In the Highlands, however, a few individuals still avowed hostility to the tyrant, and among these Sir Niel Campbell, the Black Knight of Lochow, made the most conspicuous figure. He was the chief of that ancient race, the descendant and the progenitor of many a soldier and patriot. His influence rendered him formidable, his principles were unquestionable, and his talents were of the highest rank. John Macdougall, Lord of Lorne, was his neighbor; and unfortunately for himself and his family, the powerful faction, which favoured the English interest, availing themselves of his youth and inexperience, entangled him in their toil, by his marriage with a sister of the red Cumming. To conquer or to corrupt Sir Niel was an object of the first importance to the whole party; and many attempts were made by the Lord of Lorne to accomplish that, but without success. When the Southern parts of Scotland were roused by the efforts of the renowned Wallace, the hostile disposition of the Knight of Lochow became a matter of serious consideration to Richard, and that monarch entered into a treaty with Sir John Macfadzean, granting him the lands then possessed by Sir Niel, and also the very extensive estate of Lord Lorne, provided he should conquer the obnoxious Chief. The Lord of Lorne was to be remunerated for his property in another quarter, but Campbell was to be utterly destroyed, root and branch.

Duncan Macdougall, the uncle of Lord Lorne, was true to the cause of his country, and opposed the plans of the English faction with zeal and ability. Tradition asserts, that he gave his assistance to Sir Niel, and history appears to countenance this assertion. Macfadzean's force was, however, too numerous to be openly combated in the field. He had collected an army of 15,000 men, consisting of Irish and treacherous Scotch, who had joined him with the hope of plunder; and Campbell showed a degree of skill and conduct as a General, which was worthy the best days of Greece or Rome. Availing himself of his accurate knowledge of the country, he retreated before the barbarous horde, which had penetrated into the heart of Argyleshire, and by a circuitous route, he enticed the enemy to pursue him to a narrow pass, from which he escaped by a wooden bridge, which he then destroyed. He immediately occupied an impregnable position, and left Macfadzean in a situation where he was exposed to every disadvantage. The country in his rear was extremely barren, and the barrier in his front, defended by his gallant opponent, was impenetrable. The pass we allude to is that

of *Brandir*, where the river *Arve* escapes from the lake of that name; and the position which Sir Niel took up, is the lofty ground and rock of *Craiginaony*, on the western side of the river.

Great as these advantages were, they could not enable Campbell to accomplish the object of his wishes; for the enemy could plunder and destroy the country in the course of a little time; and it became necessary to inform Sir William Wallace of his situation. Duncan Macdougall had been a school-fellow of Wallace, and their kindred feelings had produced intimacy and friendship. Under the critical circumstances in which their affairs stood, Duncan offered to be the ambassador of his brave countrymen. He left Sir Niel, and crossed the lake by night, accompanied by one faithful attendant, called Gillimichael, who is supposed to have been the progenitor of the Mac Michaels (or Carmichaels) of this country; and was then advanced in life, but still celebrated for swiftness of foot and for bravery. Tradition relates that Duncan found Wallace at Dundaff, and on hearing the condition in which Campbell was placed, he instantly resolved to march to his assistance. The case, indeed, admitted of little doubt or hesitation: Scotland contained few such men as Sir Niel, and if Macfadzean and his adherents were victorious over him, Wallace would have been surrounded by enemies on all sides.

This was about the time when that illustrious patriot had returned from the overthrow of the English in the *Barns of Air*. Having mustered his forces at the bridge of *Stirling*, he found them two thousand strong. Duncan of Lorne was his guide, and he sent forward Gillimichael to procure intelligence of the enemy. The march of Wallace was so rapid, that a considerable portion of his army was unable to support the fatigue, and he determined to divide the strong from the exhausted. The first division, consisting of seven hundred men, he commanded in person, accompanied by Sir John the Grame, Richard of Lundy, and Wallace of Richardtown. On the route they were met by Sir Niel Campbell, who had left *Craiginaony* in the middle of the night, and contrived to deceive Macfadzean with the belief that he still maintained his position, having ordered a small part of his force to remain there to support that appearance. Macfadzean sent out a scout to obtain information, but he was encountered and slain by the faithful Gillimichael, and he who had despatched him was ignorant that his formidable enemy was at hand.

Sir Niel brought three hundred of his brave clan to join Wallace; and having intelligence that Macfadzean continued at the pass of *Brandir*, they made every possible haste to attack him in a situation where he was encumbered by his numbers,

and could not bring a tenth man into action. The onset of Wallace was indeed terrible, and the horde of Macfadzean fell back five acres, but he rallied them, and they made a stout resistance; at length, however, the valour and the cause of Wallace prevailed. The Irish gave way and fled, and the Scots among them kneeled for mercy. Vast numbers were slain among the rocks and fastnesses, and two thousand were drowned in the lake. Macfadzean, with a few men, took refuge in a cave, where he was discovered and put to death by Duncan of Lorne. His head was stuck up on the pinnacle of a lofty rock, which is still distinguished by his name. Sir Niel Campbell and his men were conspicuous for their bravery on this memorable day. Sir John Macfadzean appears to have been an Irishman, but his clan was of a very ancient standing in the West Highlands; in the island of Mull particularly, they certainly possessed considerable landed property before this period; but they never recovered the destruction which they suffered on this occasion. Exclusive of the loss of their lands, the very name became odious; and even to this day, there is a strong prejudice against it among their countrymen, though they are generally totally ignorant of the cause from which it originated. The cause, without doubt, was the part which their chief acted, in espousing the English interest at this time; and though it is now above 500 years since the event occurred, the effect has not yet ceased. The same remark applies, perhaps more strongly, to the remnant of that once powerful Clan the Cummings. However cruel and unjust such prejudices may be, and however little men of sense will be led by them, it must be confessed that they operate greatly in favour of patriotism and public spirit. Soon after the defeat of this very formidable force at *Brandir*, Sir W. Wallace called a meeting of the principal men of the Western Highlands in the Priory of *Ardehataw*, and he there exacted their oaths of fidelity to Scotland. He remained for some time at that place, endeavouring to rectify the many evils which had for some time existed, in consequence of the unhappy state of the country. It was in the same place that King Robert Bruce afterwards summoned a Parliament to assemble.

The following trait of generosity in a French officer at the battle of *Waterloo*, is related by an eye witness: A British Colonel of Dragoons, who had lost his right arm in the Peninsula, was leading his regiment to the charge in this battle, when a French officer rode furiously up to attack him: The arm of the foe was raised, his aim was taken, when his sword, though on the point of a fatal descent, fell harmless at his side:—Seeing the Englishman defenceless, the gallant Frenchman checked himself even in the heat of his blood, and went in quest of a more equal enemy.



## POETRY.

*For the Gazette and Athenæum.*

## A MOTHER O'ER HER DYING SON.

"My son, my son, O! do not weep,  
Thou wilt be well again:  
Thy mother will lull thee to sleep  
And ease thy pain.  
Again will come the flow'r-deck'd June  
Then thou'lt be well, and birds in tune.  
"Peace, peace my boy, O! do not fret,  
I know thou wilt be well,—  
The blooming fields thou wilt roam yet;  
The asphodel,  
The tulip, daisy, and primrose  
To thee their sweets will yet uncloze.  
"My boy, my boy, the fever's heat  
Which in thy veins doth rage,  
My kindly care, will soon dissant,  
And grief assuage.  
Then will thy strength return once more;  
The pain will be forget when o'er.  
"And when thou'rt well, 'twill be my pride,  
To tend with mother's care:  
And I shall wander by thy side  
In summer air.  
I am thy mother, and will be  
In all, a mother unto thee.  
"Then cheer thee up, my dear lov'd boy,—  
I am beside thy bed:  
Until thou'rt well, 'twill be my joy  
To hold thy head,  
And soothe thee, dear one, night and day:—  
God will not take my son away."  
"My mother thou hast ever been,  
A mother unto me;  
And that I was, thou must have seen,  
A son to thee.  
And still I am thy loving son,  
Thy kind, thy dear, thy only one.  
"I am, but O! I fear that soon,  
I was, thou'lt sadly say:  
My sun will set before its noon,  
Such is life's day.  
But how wilt thou the base world brave,  
When I am in the silent grave?  
"I know that I must shortly die,  
I feel my end is near:  
Though thou may'st deeply weep and sigh,  
For many a year.  
Still man must bear, must struggle on  
And meekly say 'THY will be done.'"  
"Thou givest me hope, such is the heart,  
'Twill hope until the last;  
The flatterer will not depart,  
But it will cast  
A cheerful spell, tho' wrapt in gloom,  
Until it sinks upon the tomb.  
"But do not, mother, do not weep,  
I speak as I do know:  
Thou should'st rejoice that I shall sleep  
Releas'd from wo.

O peaceful seems the tomb to me!  
I only grieve to part with thee.

"Yes! we must part, for I do feel  
As death were standing by:  
I would not e'en for life, conceal  
My end is nigh—  
Nor have thee think, when in the tomb,  
I died unconscious of my doom.

"Death's on me now: I am resign'd  
Unto my God's decree:  
With placid thought, unruff'd mind,  
And conscience free  
From guilt or stain, by night and day—  
Am I not fit to pass away?

"Yea do not weep. I am not sad,—  
My thoughts I cannot tell:  
Wer't not for thee, I would be glad—  
Farewell, farewell!"  
He clos'd his eyes, he gently sigh'd  
Without a pang, the christian died.

The childless mother, silent stood  
Beside her clay-cold son  
She did not know—altho' she should,  
His sands were run.  
With streaming eyes, and aching breast,  
The corpse, unto her heart, she prest.

"My son, thou art not near the grave,  
For Heav'n hath not forgot,  
That thou art mine—altho' He gave.  
He answers not!

Alas! alas! then is it so?  
It is! he's dead!—now welcome wo."

The parted youth hath slept for years  
Releas'd from pain and care;  
And oft his mother wets with tears  
His sepulchre.

In griefs a bitter lesson lie,  
A volume is in every sigh.

A snow white stone is raised there  
Above his cold repose:  
And o'er his head is blooming fair  
A lonely Rose.

That Rose a mother's hand did plant:  
If rain, it never tears doth want.

Now she's resigned, and to the will  
Of God she hath bow'd down  
Tho' oft she weeps, and sighs, yet still  
On heav'n's high crown

Her thoughts are fix'd; may she receive  
The bliss that waits those who believe!

JULIAN.

*For the Gazette and Athenæum.*

## FAREWELL!

BY IANTHIS.

Farewell!—I ne'er shall see thee more;—  
Another's fate is link'd to thine;  
Another claims the plighted vows,  
And hand—I once deem'd only mine!  
It matters not that we have lov'd;—  
It matters not that we have met;  
High honour wills that we should part,—  
And duty bids us to forget!

2

Farewell!—how I ador'd thee once,  
The callous world can never know;—  
I could have worshipp'd thee in weal—  
I would have shielded thee in woe!

What e'er I feel, this swelling heart  
Shall ne'er breathe an upbraiding sigh:—  
It made life bliss to think thee mine—  
What now is left me—but to die!

Farewell!—a long and eke a last  
Farewell, thou loveliest one, to thee!—  
One sigh of weakness—it is done;—  
One struggling tear—and I am free!

*For the Gazette and Athenæum.*

## Lines to a friend on occasion of the death of his wife.

As fades the rose when round it storms are hurl'd,  
As verdure dies when winter wraps the world,  
So bliss departs with swift revolving years,  
And earthly happiness dissolves in tears.

Thy mem'ry—Charles recalls that happy hour  
When Love caress'd thee in her nuptial bower—  
But ah—that bower is wrapt in funeral gloom—  
And love reclines in sorrow on the tomb.

One holy tear-drop let the mourner shed  
On the lov'd ashes of the slumbering dead—  
Then lift the eye till heaven's dissolving ray  
In smiling mercy melts the next away—

Thus will the hand that desolates thy heart,  
More than it took, in kind return, impart,  
It but resum'd the boon, itself had giv'n—  
And now instead of earth presents thee heav'n.

That wither'd flower which thought so oft recalls—  
But fell, as every flower of summer falls;  
And though the stalk must bleed—its Maker dead,  
The deepest—keenest—largest wound it feels.

I too have felt the wound—but felt in part—  
For grief has drain'd her chalice in thy heart;  
May heav'n, the sorrows of that bosom share,  
And pour its own divine elixir there!

So—when, in western sky, thy sun descends,  
And life's fast fleeting, transient summer ends,  
Shall love unite what death has torn away—  
And Friendship welcome one eternal day.

PIERRE.

New-York, March, 1926.

*he Gazette and Athenæum.*

## PETER PINDARIC.

No. I.

An album's! what? a book—  
Whose cover,  
Like many volumes is the best,  
And trash the rest,  
You snore to look it over—

Where driveling Bards, pour out with pain,  
The dull effusions of their brain:

Inserting puling Odes, or Sonnets,  
To Ladies eyes, lips, nose or bonnets,  
And here—in hand so neat and terse,  
Some "pretty Miss," inscribes a verse

The writing, admirably well,—  
But really, she should learn to spell;  
Why Sir! this trivial fault, la! 'tis a shame,  
Thus, to detect it;  
A Lady! to spell right!—you're much to blame  
If you expect it.

PETER PINDARIC.

No. II.

### MARRIAGE.

Marriage is a simple thing—  
(That is, when the Lady's won.)  
Join hands—and place the ring—  
Salute your bride,—the act is done.  
Youth! beware of early joining,  
This good "motto" careful keep,  
It may prove a useful warning  
"Always look before you leap."

APRIL.

*Translated from the French of Remy Belleau.*

APRIL, sweet month, the daintiest of all,  
Fair thee befall:  
April, fond hope of fruits that lie  
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,  
There closely lapt  
Nursing their tender infancy.

April, that does thy yellow, green, and blue,  
All around thee strew,  
When, as thou go'st, the grassy floor  
Is with a million flowers depeint,  
Whose colours quaint  
Have diaper'd the meadows o'er.

April, at whose glad coming Zephyrs rise  
With whisper'd sighs,  
Then on their light wing brush away,  
And hang amid the woodlands fresh  
Their airy mesh  
To tangle Flora on her way.

April, it is thy hand that doth unlock,  
From plain and rock,  
Odours and hues, a balmy store,  
That breathing lie on Nature's breast,  
So richly blest,  
That earth or heaven can ask no more.

April thy blooms, amid the tresses laid  
Of my sweet maid,  
Adown her neck and bosom flow;  
And in a wild profusion there,  
Her shining hair  
With them hath blent a golden glow.

April, the dimpled smiles, the playful grace,  
That in the face  
Of Cytherea haunt, are thine;  
And thine the breath, that from the skies  
The deities  
Inhale, an offering at thy shrine.

'Tis thou that dost with summons blythe and soft,  
High up aloft,  
From banishment these heralds bring,  
These swallows, that along the air  
Scud swift, and bear  
Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April, the hawthorn and the eglantine,  
Purple woodbine,  
Streaked pink, and lilly-cup, and rose,  
And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,  
Where thou art treading,  
And their sweet eyes for thee unclose,

The little nightingale sits singing aye  
On leafy spray,  
And in her fitful strain doth run  
A thousand and a thousand changes,  
With voice that ranges  
Through every sweet division.

April, it is when thou dost come again,  
That love is fain  
With gentlest breath the fires to wake,  
That cover'd up and slumbering lay,  
Through many a day,  
When winter's chill our veins did slake.

Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime  
Of the spring time,  
The hives pour out their lusty young,  
And hear'st the yellow bees that ply,  
With laden thigh,  
Murmuring the flowery wilds among.

May, shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,  
His fruits of gold.  
His fertilizing dews, that swell  
In manna on each spike and stem,  
And like a gem,  
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will may praise Him, but my voice shall be,  
Sweet month for thee;  
Thou that to her do'st owe thy name,  
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide  
Swell and divide.  
Whence forth to life and light she came.

### GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 8, 1826.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN,

AND HIS WORKS.

NO. V.

CARWIN, THE BILOQUIST.—Carwin is the son of a Pennsylvania farmer. He exhibits, in his boyhood, a strong and irrepressible desire for knowledge,—which is a cause of dissatisfaction to his father, whose ideas of useful learning are bounded by the capacity to write legibly and read without much trouble. The father exerts himself to destroy this propensity of his son, by blows, privations and severity; and the son busies himself in schemes to elude his father's vigilance and scrutiny. This system of plot and counter-plot continues until Carwin attains his fourteenth year, when his destiny receives its permanent colour. He is sent, one evening, to bring cattle from a meadow at some distance from home. He stays beyond his time, and darkness overtakes him in a solitary glen. He is assailed by superstitious fears and in order to beguile his feelings he sings aloud as he proceeds. The words are repeated behind him and around him, distinctly and plainly, five times successively. His terrors, at first, attribute this to something supernatural, but reflection steps in very opportunely and tells him that it is but a succession of echoes. He muses upon this, as follows:

"My reflections were naturally suggested by the singularity of this echo. To hear my own voice speak at a distance would have been formerly regarded as

prodigious. To hear, too, that voice, not uttered by another, by whom it might easily be mimicked, but by myself! I cannot now recollect the transition which led me to the notion of sounds, similar to these, but produced by other means than reverberation. Could I not so dispose my organs as to make my voice appear at a distance?

From speculation I proceeded to experiment. The idea of a distant voice like my own, was intimately present to my fancy. I exerted myself with a most ardent desire, and with something like a persuasion that I should succeed. I started with surprise, for it seemed as if success had crowned my attempts. I repeated the effort, but failed. A certain position of the organs took place on the first attempt, altogether new, unexampled, and as it were by accident, for I could not attain it on the second experiment.

You will not wonder that I exerted myself with indefatigable zeal to regain what had once, though for so short a space, been in my power. Your own ears have witnessed the success of these efforts. By perpetual exertion I gained it a second time, and now was a diligent observer of the circumstances attending it. Gradually I subjected these finer and more subtle motions to the command of my will. What was at first difficult, by exercise and habit, was rendered easy. I learned to accommodate my voice to all the varieties of distance and direction.

It cannot be denied that this faculty is wonderful and rare, but when we consider the possible modifications of muscular motion, how few of these are usually exerted, how imperfectly they are subjected to the will, and yet that the will is capable of being rendered unlimited and absolute, will not our wonder cease?

We have seen men who could hide their tongues so perfectly, that even an anatomist, after the most accurate inspection that a living subject could admit, has affirmed the organ to be wanting, but this was effected by the exertion of muscles unknown and incredible to the greater part of mankind.

The concurrence of teeth, palate, and tongue, in the formation of speech should seem to be indispensable, and yet men have spoken distinctly though wanting a tongue, and to whom, therefore, teeth and palate were superfluous. The tribe of motions requisite to this end are wholly latent and unknown to those who possess that organ.

I mean not to be more explicit. I have no reason to suppose a peculiar conformation or activity in my own organs, or that the power which I possess may not, with suitable directions and by steady efforts, be obtained by others, but I will do nothing to facilitate the acquisition. It is by far too liable to perversion for a good man to desire to possess it, or to teach it to another.



There remained but one thing to render this instrument as powerful in my hands as it was capable of being. From my childhood, I was remarkably skilful at imitation. There were few voices whether of men or birds or beasts which I could not imitate with success. To add my ancient to my newly acquired skill, to talk from a distance, and at the same time in the accents of another, was the object of my endeavours; and this object, after a certain number of trials, I finally obtained."

An aunt of Carwin, resident in Philadelphia, takes him under her care and patronage. Here he exercises his biloquial powers, sporting often with the fears of his companions, and pursuing the most cautious secrecy on the subject. We quote one of his adventures:

"A select company was assembled at a garden, at a small distance from the city. Discourse glided through a variety of topics, till it alighted at length on the subject of invisible beings. From the speculations of philosophers we proceeded to the creations of the poet. Some maintained the justness of Shakspeare's delineations of aerial beings, while others denied it. By no violent transition, Ariel and his songs were introduced, and a lady, celebrated for her musical skill, was solicited to accompany her pedal harp with the song of "Five fathoms deep thy father lies"—She was known to have set, for her favourite instrument, all the songs of Shakspeare.

My youth made me little more than an auditor on this occasion. I sat apart from the rest of the company, and carefully noted every thing. The track which the conversation had taken, suggested a scheme which was not thoroughly digested when the lady began her enchanting strain.

She ended, and the audience were mute with rapture. The pause continued, when a strain was wafted to our ears, from another quarter. The spot where we sat was embowered by a vine. The verdant arch was lofty, and the area beneath was spacious.

The sound proceeded from above. At first it was faint and scarcely audible; presently it reached a louder key, and every eye was cast up in expectation of beholding a face among the pendant clusters. The strain was easily recognised, for it was no other than that which Ariel is made to sing when finally absolved from the service of the wizard.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In the cowslip bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry;  
On the bat's back I do fly;  
After summer, merrily: &c.

Their hearts palpitated as they listened: they gazed at each other for a solution of

the mystery. At length the strain died away at a distance, and an interval of silence was succeeded by an earnest discussion of the cause of this prodigy. One supposition only could be adopted, which was, that the strain was not uttered by human organs. That the songster was stationed on the roof of the arbour, and having finished his melody had risen into the viewless fields of air."

Shortly after, Carwin's aunt dies, and leaves her property, as many an old fool of an aunt and uncle has frequently done in real life, to an artful and cunning female servant, instead of providing for her relative. Carwin is now destitute, and whilst he is pondering on his troubles he becomes acquainted with a person, named Ludloe, an Irishman of rank and fortune. Ludloe invites Carwin to accompany him to Europe. The invitation is accepted. Carwin's new friend is one of those singular and peculiar characters, which Brown loved so well to sketch. His actions are generous, but mysterious, while at the same time he is a perfect idolator of sincerity. His speculations on the state of society bear considerable resemblance to the theory of Mr. Owen. After some time, Carwin is informed of the existence of a secret society, leagued together for some high and great purpose, and he is invited to become a member. Ludloe tells him,

"The individuals who compose this fraternity are not immortal, and the vacancies occasioned by death must be supplied from among the living. The candidates must be instructed and prepared, and they are always at liberty to recede. Their reason must approve the obligations and duties of their station, or they are unfit for it. If they recede, one duty is still incumbent upon them: they must observe an inviolable silence. To this they are not held by any promise. They must weigh consequences, and freely decide; but they must not fail to number among these consequences their own death.

"Their death will not be prompted by vengeance. The executioner will say, he that has once revealed the tale is likely to reveal it a second time; and, to prevent this, the betrayer must die. Nor is this the only consequence. To prevent the further revelation, he to whom the secret was imparted must likewise perish. He must not console himself with the belief that his trespass will be unknown. The knowledge cannot, by human means, be withheld from this fraternity. Rare, indeed, will it be that his purpose to disclose is not discovered before it can be ef-

fected, and the disclosure prevented by his death.

"Be well aware of your condition. What I now, or may hereafter mention, mention not again. Admit not even a doubt as to the propriety of hiding it from all the world. There are eyes which will discern this doubt amidst the closest folds of your heart, and your life will instantly be sacrificed.

"At present be the subject dismissed. Reflect deeply on the duty which you have already incurred. Think upon your strength of mind, and be careful not to lay yourself under impracticable obligations. It will always be in your power to recede. Even after you are solemnly enrolled a member, you may consult the dictates of your own understanding, and relinquish your post; but while you live the obligations to be silent will perpetually attend you.

"We seek not the misery or death of any one, but we are swayed by an immutable calculation. Death is to be abhorred, but the life of the betrayer is productive of more evil than his death: his death, therefore, we choose, and our means are instantaneous and unerring.

"I love you. The first impulse of my love is to dissuade you from seeking to know more. Your mind will be full of ideas; your hands will be perpetually busy to a purpose into which no human creature, beyond the verge of your brotherhood, must pry. Believe me who have made the experiment, that compared with this task, the task of inviolable secrecy, all others are easy. To be dumb will not suffice; never to know any remission in your zeal or your watchfulness will not suffice. If the sagacity of others detect your occupations, however strenuously you may labour for concealment, your doom is ratified, as well as that of the wretch whose evil destiny led him to pursue you.

"Yet if your fidelity fail not, great will be your recompence. For all your toils and self devotion, ample will be the retribution. Hitherto you have been wrapt in darkness and storm; then will you be exalted to a pure and unruffled element. It is only for a time that temptation will environ you, and your path will be toilsome. In a few years you will be permitted to withdraw to a land of sages, and the remainder of your life will glide away in the enjoyments of beneficence and wisdom."

A second obligation is imposed upon every candidate—he must determine to disclose every transaction of his past life without reserve or equivocation, under the same dreadful penalty. Carwin reflects for some days, on the subject and at last concludes to reveal every thing to Ludloe, except the secret of his biloquial powers, and it was probably the intention of the author to make the subsequent events and

the destiny of Carwin depend upon this single aberration from his vow. But just at this interesting and important crisis the story is broken off abruptly and the reader is left to finish it in the way most agreeable to his own fancy. We detest *fragments* as much as physic, but what there is of "Carwin" is excellent, and all that we can do, is to regret that it is not perfect.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY; or, the natural history of birds inhabiting the United States, not given by Wilson. With figures drawn, engraved and coloured from nature. By CHARLES LUCIAN BONAPARTE. Folio, pp. 105. Philadelphia.

We cannot withhold an expression of unmingled delight at beholding the name of Bonaparte associated with scientific undertakings, and identified more especially with the natural history of our own country. To those who have admired the lofty and unparalleled genius of Napoleon, and dwelt with enthusiasm on his great exploits, this honourable preservation of his name on the earth will be the subject of congratulation and pride; and even those who have condemned his ambition, and deplored the waste of life consequent thereon, may, in this event, recognize an expiation for his errors, and an atonement for the injuries he inflicted.—The survivors of his family have had a great responsibility imposed upon them by bearing his name. They stand forth as conspicuous objects in the eyes of the world so long accustomed to connect with them all that was grand in conception, noble in daring, conspicuous and great in achievement. And how can they better discharge this responsibility, than by rendering themselves eminent and useful in art and in science, objects which were always dear to the heart of the illustrious founder of their family, and which never failed to secure his especial solicitude and patronage.—And to what country too can they with greater propriety devote their talents, than to this, where they have opened to them a retreat from the persecutions and the jealousies of Europe, and an useful field for the pursuit of whatever schemes they find most consonant with their taste and their wishes?

American Ornithology has been cultivated with an extraordinary share of attention and with a success scarcely paralleled in any other country.—We are told in the preface to this volume that a work like that of Wilson is still a desideratum in any part of Europe. The early and lamented

death of that extraordinary naturalist, who, without the advantages of education or wealth, attempted successfully a task so comprehensive and vast, prevented its completion and his realization of that reward of fame and fortune which awaited him. One author thus honourably mentions Wilson's work. "Wilson's invaluable work removed the obstacles preventing access to this attractive study, conferred on him an imperishable renown, improved the taste and elevated the scientific character of his fellow citizens, and secured the approbation of the judicious and enlightened in all countries." The following additional eulogium is as honourable to the heart of him that so eloquently bestows it, as it is just to the memory of its subjects.

"Placed where he could derive little or no aid from scientific books or men, WILSON'S ardent and perspicacious mind triumphed over circumstances, and enabled him to exhibit the truths he discovered in that warm, lucid, and captivating language which never fails to reach the heart of his readers, because it flowed directly from his own; while his clearness of arrangement, accuracy of description, and faithfulness of delineation, show most advantageously, the soundness of his judgment and the excellence of his observation. \* \* It was the inspiration derived from that pure and perennial source, the contemplation of nature, which gave Wilson the power of illustrating every object of his research, and imparting to the most abstruse discussions the charm of vigorous originality."—

Preface.

A laudable wish to complete the undertaking of Wilson has induced the present author to commence the present work and he proposes its accomplishment in three volumes. Judging from the one before us, they will rival any previous performance in this or any other country in the beauty and splendour of their execution. Mr. Titian Peale has exerted his utmost skill in his drawings from the recent bird, and they have been transferred to the copper with unrivalled accuracy and delicacy by Mr. Lawson. The colour of the plates likewise deserve particular praise—they possess a touch of nature about them and a delicacy of tint which we never saw equalled. Nor must we forget the very superior typographical execution—all redound to the honour of the artists and the liberality and enterprise of the author.

The birds described in this volume are:  
The American Goldfinch, female, *Fringilla*

*gilla tristis*; Arkansaw Flycatcher, *Muscicapa verticalis*; Arkansaw Jerkin, *Fringilla psaltria*; Band-tailed Pigeon, *Columbia fasciata*; Burrowing Owl, *Stice cunicularia*; Cape May Warbler, female, *Sylvia Mantina*; Common Crow-Blackbird, female, *Quiscalus versicolor*; Crimson-necked Bullfinch, *Pyrrhale frontalis*; Fork-tailed Flycatcher, *Muscicapa Savana*; Fulvous or Cliff Swallow, *Hirundo fulva*; Golden-crowned Gold-crest, female, *Regulus cristatus*; Golden-winged Warbler, female, *Sylvia Chrysoptera*; Great Crow-Blackbird, *Quiscalus Major*; Lark Finch, *Fringilla grammaca*; Lazuli Finch, *Fringilla Amvena*; Orange-crowned Warbler, *Sylvia Celata*; Rocky-mountain Antcatcher, *Myiothera obsoleta*; Say's Flycatcher, *Muscicapa Say*; Swallow-tailed Flycatcher, *Muscicapa forficator*; Wild Turkey, *Melegris gallopavo*; Yellow-bellied Woodpecker, *Pirus vorius*; Yellow-headed Triopical, *Icterus Icterveepbarus*.

The style of this book is neat, chaste and remarkably correct. Few of the descriptions afford any opportunity for display, and the author has had the good taste not to intrude elegancies in a work professedly scientific. We shall quote the following extract from his account of the wild turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo*, as a specimen of his style and manner.

"Although the Turkey is generally considered a stupid bird, it is probable that his intellectual gratifications have not been fairly appreciated, as he is susceptible of very lively emotions. If any new and remarkable object attracts the attention of the male, his whole appearance and demeanour undergo a sudden and extraordinary change: relinquishing his peaceful aspect, he boldly raises himself, his head and neck become turgid, and the wattles, from an influx of blood, glow with vivid red; he bristles up the feathers of the neck and back, his tail is vertically raised and expanded like a fan, and the wing feathers are extended until they touch the ground. Thus transformed, he utters a low, humming sound, and advances with a grave and haughty strut, occasionally accelerating his steps, and, at the same time, rubbing the tips of the primary feathers violently against the earth. During these manœuvres, he now and then utters a harsh interrupted, and dissonant note, apparently expressive of the highest degree of rage: this cry, sounding like *rook, oorook, oorook*, will be repeated at the pleasure of any person who should whistle, or strike the ear of the bird by any other acute or unusual sound. The appearance of any red cloth is sure to awaken his anger, and induce him to rush fearlessly on



the disagreeable object, exerting all his power to injure or destroy it.

"In connexion with the peculiar character of this bird, we may advantageously quote the sentiments of the great FRANKLIN, who expressed a regret that the Turkey should not have been preferred to the Bald Eagle as an emblem of the United States. Certainly this Eagle is a tyrannical and pusillanimous bird, by no means an appropriate representative of a great and magnanimous nation, as was the Eagle chosen by the Romans.

"Others object to the Bald Eagle," says Franklin, in one of his letters, "as looking too much like a *Dindon* or Turkey. For my own part, I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labour of the Fishing Hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the Bald Eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case, but, like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides he is a rank coward; the little Kingbird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the *Kingbirds* from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights which the French call *Chevaliers d'industrie*. I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as a Bald Eagle, but looks more like a Turkey. For in truth, the Turkey is, in comparison a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the Turkey was peculiar to ours. He is, besides, (though a little vain and silly, 'tis true, but not the worse emblem for that,) a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm-yard with a red coat on."

"But, since the choleric temper and vanity of the Tame Turkey are proverbial in various languages, in some of which its very name is opprobrious, and often applied in derision to vain glorious and stupid people, we are better satisfied that its effigy was not placed in the escutcheon of the United States.

"Those who have not observed the Turkey in its wild state, have only seen its deteriorated progeny, which are greatly inferior in size and beauty."

We shall conclude this notice with the expression of a sincere hope that the work may meet with a very liberal and well

merited patronage. It is a costly, but a precious and rare gem for a library.

DELTA.

New-York Medical and Physical Journal. Number 17. Edited by JOHN B. BECK, M. D., DANIEL L. M. PEIXOTTO, M. D., and JOHN BELL, M. D.

This work has now reached its fifth volume, and from its increased size and improved appearance, there can be little doubt of its already meeting with a liberal support from the members of the medical profession. It is the more entitled to patronage, as it is the only scientific journal published in this state, and consequently the only vehicle of the information abundantly scattered throughout every part of this extensive region. The present number contains a variety of interesting articles which we shall enumerate in succession.

1. The Annual Address delivered before the State Medical Society, by James R. Manley, M. D. President of the same.

2. Contributions towards Medical Jurisprudence. No. I. By Theod. Romeyn Beck, M. D. & P.

3. Observations on Preceperar fever. By Westel Willoughby, M. D. & P.

4. An essay on Animal Heat. By Felix Pascalis, M. D. President of the Academy of Medicine. N. Y.

5. A case of Epilepsy. By D. L. Rogers, M. D.

6. Quarterly Report of Diseases treated at the N. Y. Dispensary.

REVIEWS. 1. Carmichael on Syphilis. 2. Of Gibson's Institutes of Surgery.

Quarterly History of Improvements in Medicine and Surgery; Intelligence, Bibliographical notices, &c.

Under the head of intelligence we perceive an account of some improvements which have lately taken place in the City Dispensary, an institution, which has too long suffered from public apathy and neglect. In a future number we shall offer a few remarks on the strong claims presented by this charitable establishment to the fostering care and liberal endowment of the public authorities.

Postage. We have received complaints from our country subscribers of the excessive charge made by the post-offices, for our mail papers. We will examine the subject, and if it be in our power, we will have the postage of our paper regulated

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according to the *spirit and meaning* of the law. We can find no reason in equity or in expediency why *our* paper should be charged *one hundred and fifty* per cent more than the *daily* papers of this city; unless forsooth it be one of the wise provisions of our government for the encouragement of literature.

#### APHORISMS.

1. Prosperity teaches folly, adversity wisdom.

2. Happiness makes a man vain, sorrow humble.

3. Many anticipations, little decision.

4. An hour of sorrow teaches more wisdom than a year of joy.

5. It is the weakness of the heart, to suppose we know every man but ourself, and the imbecility of the mind to think vice versa.

6. Humbleness in prosperity, and resignation in adversity, bespeak a noble and exalted mind.

7. A temper soon roused, and soon pacified, shows more goodness of heart than energy of mind.

8. Love in weak and debased minds is earthly, in strong and exalted, heavenly.

9. The folly of love letters, is the narration of air-built castles of the brain, the genuine expressions of the heart, their wisdom.

10. It is easy to be upright in prosperity, it is the day of adversity proves the heart.

11. It is a brave mind that exults not over a fallen foe, it is a weak, that tramples on him.

12. She who is fond of display abroad, will make a poor figure at home.

13. An inquisitive mind, a meddling disposition, and an unfeeling heart, neither have, nor deserve the friendship of man.

14. A selfish man lives for himself alone, he should dwell in a desert.

15. Think him your friend who tells your faults, but shows your virtues rather by his conduct, than his tongue.

16. He who knows how ignorant he is, is wise.

17. An indolent mind sees insuperable difficulties in every enterprise; an industrious, knows not difficulties till he has battled with them.

18. He who thinks more of the manner than of the matter of a speaker, will never profit by his words.

19. He who is always pointing out the fault of his neighbour, will never amend his own.

20. He who will enjoy pleasure at the expence of pain in others, is a monster.

21. He who avoids the gaze of an honest man, is a knave.

22. An open mouth, a weak mind : an open purse, a good heart.

23. He who indiscriminately distributes charity, is more generous than discerning.

24. He who says there is no God, is only kept in awe by fear of the halter : and he who, believes not in religion, nor in the immortality of the soul, levels himself with the brutes, and by man should be treated as he judges himself.

25. When a man sees the necessity of methodizing his thoughts, the road to wisdom is before his eyes.

26. In sunshine there is sometimes rain ; so many a smiling face covers a breaking heart.

27. A valuable mineral, has often a rough outside ; so in man, a rough exterior often covers a noble heart.

28. Who judges men by their coats, is often deceived.

29. It is easy to prove a man dishonest, it requires an age to prove him virtuous.

30. As the force of circumstance may cause a knave to do an honest action, so also may it induce a virtuous man, to do a dishonest : yet this neither makes the knave honest, nor the virtuous dishonest.

31. The assuming mind is not always strong, nor the unassuming weak, but generally vice versa.

32. Ostentation is not always merit, nor humility demerit.

33. Love has doubts and fears as well as jealousies ; but the heart conscious of its own integrity and constancy is never suspicious.

34. The falling leaf teaches us we are mortal ; the winds sighing through the sere trees, tells us our time is coming.

35. Who thinks not of what is past, nor looks to the future, enjoys not the present. Want of thought is want of mind—without mind there is no real enjoyment.

36. All things that have a limit, must end : all who ever met must part. These truths should teach us the value of time.

37. Conceit and vanity, ostentation and boasting, are follies.

38. He who bears and forbears, will al-

ways be a valuable member of society, whatever may be his situation in life.

### THE DRAMA.

**PARK THEATRE.** Miss Kelly attracted a very full and respectable concourse on Monday evening. The play was the *Belle's Stratagem*, which, notwithstanding its occasional indecent allusions is rendered popular by its animated dialogue and the frequent flashes of wit with which it abounds. Miss Hardy suffered nothing from Miss Kelly, and the other characters were pretty well supported. Mrs. Wheatley as Mrs. Racket gave indisputable evidence of her strong claims on public favour.—Cherry and Fair Star has been revived. We like this melo-drama much—not on account of any beauties in its language or ingenuity in its plot, it is deficient in both of these—but we admire its rich scenery, and the spirited acting of Cherry and Fair Star ; and their *pas de deux* is peculiarly a favourite with us. A word to Topac : Learn even in your antic tricks to be something like the creature you are ambitious to represent, and reserve the *clown* against the opening of the Circus. A good one may be wanted there, and here you have a recommendation.

**THE OPERA.** We were much gratified to witness the splendid and thronged assemblage which cheered Signora M. Garcia on her appearance last Saturday—the first after the interesting, and, we sincerely hope prosperous change in her situation in life.—Her Rosina is so familiarly known to our readers—that is, to those who are lovers of the opera—that we shall not comment on it circumstantially. But we must be allowed to express our surprise at the power this charming actress possesses of throwing the attraction of novelty over the same part at every successive repetition. Her songs this evening were given with exquisite effect. Her *Home*, sweet *Home* has never been equalled by any performer, private or public, that we have heard. We regret to learn although the feeling is a selfish one, that this lady will shortly retire from the stage. Let the opportunity, while it lasts, be improved by our ladies of improving their taste and powers by her example. A better one they cannot propose to themselves. DELTA.

¶ We owe our poetic correspondents an apology for the incorrect manner in which their effusions have been printed: the proof-sheet having been inadvertently neglected.

### ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

#### THE GARRET CLUB.

'As from my garret window, twice two stories high,  
I look'd abroad upon the street below,  
I saw—  
TOM THUMB.'

As I was lately, on a fine sunny afternoon, wending my way through one of the narrow, crooked, and obscure streets of the city, I happened to hear voices above me. I looked upwards to see from whence they proceeded. On the opposite side of the way stood a very old Dutch built house, with the gable fronting the street : and in the centre of the topping triangle of that gable, was a garret window. This window had formerly contained four panes of glass ; but they were now demolished, and in lieu thereof its four quarters were filled with four human faces, all of which were gazing at me. In the meantime they appeared to be holding a consultation among themselves, which, as I afterwards understood, was concerning the mode of addressing me. Their consultation was in danger of lasting too long, for having returned their gaze for a moment, I was walking onward, when an Irish voice issued from one of the said faces, and cried, "Och, Mister—(what do you call him Tom?)—plase to stop a moment."—I accordingly halted, and the face from which the Irish voice had proceeded vanished from the window, and its place was immediately supplied by another, (for there were several more faces within.) In a moment the owner of the visage which had addressed me entered the street from below, and politely informed me that a number of gentlemen above stairs were desirous of speaking to me. He led the way, and I followed him through a passage and up a creaking staircase, which seemed to be the highway of several families that lived in the house, and after several windings I arrived at the garret door ; which he opened, and introduced me into the attic apartment.

By several signs which I saw about me I perceived that I was in the sacred region of a literary garret. The furniture consisted of a large pine table, some stools, and an arm chair, and a number of shabby looking books : pewter inkstands, and wooden and tin candlesticks, and a great abundance of scribblings were scattered about. Those who had occupied the window, with the other inmates of the sanctuary, now resumed their seats ; and in the midst, one, who seemed to be the greatest among them, was enthroned in the arm chair.—This latter personage arose to receive me, and I immediately recognized in him one whom I had often seen before, but with whom I was as yet unacquainted. He bade me welcome, and informed me that I was now before a literary association, called the "Garret Club," of which he had the honour of being president.—A number of literary gentlemen



have here formed themselves into a society, he added, "for the purpose of mutual improvement and mutual enjoyment."—(By the by, I forget to mention some wine glasses, et cetera, which I saw scattered about among the scribblings.) "We have chosen," continued he, "this place for our sanctuary; partly because we wish not only to be excluded, but also elevated above the world; partly in imitation of those literary saints of yore, who took up their habitation in cells like this; and partly for another reason, which generally has great weight with the literati, especially when they have little to weigh against it. We have," he continued, "long had a desire to try the merits of such of our effusions as have stood the test of the Club's examination, by the more important ordeal of public opinion. For that purpose we are anxious to lay them before the editor of some literary paper. You Mr. Rigmorole, are spoken of, as a gentleman who occasionally writes for some of the journals. We may therefore presume that you possess considerable influence with the editors; and have taken the liberty without much ceremony, of calling you in and requesting your assistance in bringing our productions before the public. We have on hand a number of essays, some of which are from the pen of some particular member, and others are the joint production of the club." He then drew from the table-drawer a frightfully great bundle of papers, and handing it to me requested me to read them at my leisure—to cull forth the best, and procure for them a place in the columns of some respectable journal."—I promised to look over the bundle and endeavour to make the selection he desired.—He then gave me a formal introduction to the several members of the club.

These wights of the garret were mostly of very civil deportment, and but for the unmagnificent character of the club-room, the fraternity might have passed as belonging to a rank bordering upon gentility; yes, strange as it may seem, there were eight literary men, and some of them poets, assembled together in a garret, and yet not one among them that could be called shabby in his appearance.

It is proper that I should give the reader some idea of the different characters of those geniuses before I lay any of their productions before him; I will therefore as far as my acquaintance with them will allow, endeavour to bring part of them in review before me.

In portraying the character of Mr. Non-descript, the president of the club, I fear I shall meet with some difficulty, for it is the impression of many that he has no distinct or definite character at all; and no two persons who have formed any kind of acquaintance with him, give the same description of him.—He is one of those beings of the day whom every body has seen and nobody knows much about, who has

come nobody knows whence, and lives nobody knows how. Even his brethren of the garret are little better than strangers to him, as he fell casually into their acquaintance, and became as much by accident as by any thing else their head. He is often seen at coffee-houses, and other such places, where he reads the papers, and looks upon the bustle around him, without ever taking part in it. He has, however, a great many of these acquaintances, whose intimacy with him extends no farther than a friendly nod at meeting, and most of whom do not even know his name. Of those few who have made greater progress in his acquaintance, some represent him as a man unchangeably sedate, while others affirm that his natural disposition, however disguised in common, is extremely light and volatile.—I once attempted to judge from his countenance which of those two stories was most correct, and was completely puzzled, for though his look was certainly not of a neutral character and was very expressive of something, I could not for the life of me determine whether it was merry or sad.—His age is somewhere between twenty-two and thirty-eight, for his looks are as equivocal in this respect as in the other; and no one can determine whether, to use a common phrase, he is a young man with an oldish look, or an oldish man with a young look.—In his dress he is neither extravagant nor penurious; but often appears over nice in some parts of it, and careless in others;—in short he is one of those persons whom nobody knows what to make of.

The next whom I shall attempt to describe is Mr. Patrick O'Jolly, the same whose remarkable presence of mind prompted him to call out to me to stop, while all the rest were wrangling about the mode of arresting me. His character has nothing indefinite about it, or, as the boys say, "there's no mistake in him." I do not mean, however, that he is not liable to mistakes, for the man is mortal, and was born in Ireland. But to be brief, he is a warm hearted and good natured son of Erin; with such a crowd of noble, generous and fanciful ideas in his head, that when he gives them vent they often come tumbling, elbowing and kicking each other out in the most delightful confusion. He not long ago wrote an ode on the wrongs of Ireland, a subject which he has much at heart, and submitted it to the examination of the club. It was made up of the noblest sentiments and imagery, worthy of the patriotic subject; and was also found to contain one hundred and seventeen blunders. The president appointed a committee to correct the errors and also to copy the ode upon foolscap; for the author in the hurry of composition inadvertently wrote it upon wrapping paper. The committee set about this task, and in order to mend the defective parts made such altera-

tions as entirely obliterated the beauties of the piece.

There is another whose disposition—but I have neither time nor room at present to conclude my list of characters. In the next number I may perhaps give a detailed account of the rest of the Society, as well as No. I. of the essays selected from their budget. By the bye, on examination the editors have found among the said productions of the "Garret Club," many pieces which they consider worthy to grace the columns of their paper. As they are mostly made up of the remarks of close observers upon the ways and doings of the world, which have probably been suggested to the worthy gentlemen of the attic, by the observations of passing things, which they often take from their elevated situation,—it is intended to offer them to the world under the title of "VIEWS FROM THE GARRET."

RUFUS RIGMAROLE.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### TRADITION OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

IAN GORME.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the Earl of Argyll had resolved on a hostile expedition to the island of Mull, to procure redress for various injuries with which he charged Maclean and his ancestors. All the numerous vassals who held of Argyll, were ordered to rendezvous in the Bay of Dunstaffnage, each to be provided with a certain number of birlings, or galleys fully manned and armed according to the fashion of the times.

On the day appointed they all attended in the condition required, except Campbell of Duntroon, who had been absent when the summons of his lord arrived, and he declared that he had been unable to provide an equipment. Argyll expressed displeasure, and the more so as Duntroon was known to have been on amicable footing with Maclean. The Earl peremptorily said that the galleys must be forthcoming next morning. He was speedily and unexpectedly obeyed. Duntroon appeared on the following morning with the best equipment among them. Argyll inquired how he had been able to provide himself so well in so short a time? and Duntroon candidly told him, that being threatened with his Lordship's displeasure, he had gone and stated his case to Maclean, who kindly gave him his choice of all his own birlings, completely equipped. The Earl desired to be informed what remarks Duntroon had made in Mull; and he replied, that Maclean was occupied in building an addition to his castle; that he declared he knew no good cause for hostility on the part of Argyll against him; that he would be extremely happy to receive him as a friend; but that, if he came as an enemy,

he would meet with a determined resistance. The Earl asked Dumtroom's own opinion on the subject; and his answer was, that he had most heartily disapproved of the expedition from the beginning; that in the feuds between their forefathers there had been many faults on both sides, and that they had been already fully avenged; that, in his opinion, the most prudent measure would be to visit Maclean amicably, that the Earl should marry the beautiful daughter of Maclean, and that the handsome son of Maclean should marry the equally handsome daughter of the Earl. The friendly counsel of Dumtroom was adopted. Argyll was received very kindly in Duart, and this visit ended in a mutual alliance, by marriage, between the two families. Catharine Maclean was the third wife of Argyll, and his daughter was married to Hector Oig (or Young,) of Duart.

A remarkable circumstance is related, connected with the last of these marriages. It is said that John, a younger brother of the lady, was for some time with his nurse at the Castle of Duart, and that Maclean, being desirous to destroy him, had so contrived that the boy should be tempted to follow an apple which was rapidly handed from one to another around a large fire, until he was so much injured by the heat, that his face continued blue or livid for life; that it was from this cause he was denominated *Ian Gorme*, or *Blue John*; by which appellation he was certainly distinguished; and that his life would have been taken in this way, had not his nurse snatched him out of their hands, and conveyed him to a place of safety, with the assistance of a gentleman then present. It seems indeed strange that such an absurd tale should ever gain credit, because it refutes itself. Had there been a wish to kill the boy, it would have been an easy matter to accomplish it in a less public and more effectual manner than this. No child would continue the pursuit to his own serious injury; nor is it probable that the nurse would have been permitted to save him, if such barbarians as these are represented to have been, determined on his destruction. The story indeed appears to be a modern fabrication, founded on the unfortunate feuds which since existed between the families; and a similar story is related of another person in that country. *Gorme*, or *Blue*, is the term used in the Gaelic for dark grey, in describing animals, and from that cause it is an appellation very common in several families who were naturally dark-haired, and became grey at an early age. This John the son of Argyll was the first Campbell of Lochnell, the progenitor of a brave and generous race. His eldest daughter was married to a younger brother of Maclean, and his eldest son was also married to a daughter of the same,—two circumstances which entirely disprove the above foolish legend.

*Ian Gorme* was killed at the battle of

Langside, where he was distinguished for his bravery in the cause of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. It is indeed very remarkable, that of seven Laids of Locknell now deceased, four were killed: the first as we have just mentioned; the second at the battle of Glenlivet; the third at the battle of Inverlody; and the fourth fell unhappily by the hands of an assassin.

Cooke, in his professional excursions, became at once a source of revenue to the treasury, and of perpetual uneasiness to the minds of Provincial managers; for when his name had filled their theatres with *bumpers*, those Managers could not always reckon on what condition Cooke would appear, or even if he would appear at all. The former Edinburgh Manager, Mr. Rock, knew well his trim, and knew also how to *cook* him; for he generally secured the actor's person at dinner, in his own house, on the days he was to perform, and primed him no further than the proper pitch. On one of these occasions, Mr. Rock happened to be called out of the dining-room for a little, upon some matter of business, forgetting that an unemptied bottle of brandy remained upon the sideboard, which Cooke soon espied, and discussed. On his return, Mr. R. found his charge completely overcharged. However, with the application of vinegar to his temples, and doses of strong coffee to his stomach, Cooke got into a walking condition. Some men remember on one occasion his performing the part of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, with such brilliancy of execution, and such unwonted energy, as to call forth incessant applause. It was immediately announced for repetition, and they returned on the appointed evening, eager to enjoy the rich treat again. But, alas! it was the evening of the brandy-scene. The spirit of the actor, quenched by that of the sideboard-bottle, was not there, and poor Cooke walked through the part, and spoke it as if quite unconscious of what passed his lips.

*Marshal Ney.*—Success is almost the only criterion by which the merit of political changes are decided; and the man who attempts a reformation is branded as a patriot or a traitor, according to the success or failure of his enterprise.

Marshal Ney, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of the Moskwa, was one of Bonaparte's favourite generals, whom he used to call "the bravest of the brave." On the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, Ney tendered his submission to the new monarch; and there was no reason to doubt his sincerity. Napoleon, however, landed from Elba in 1815, and his march to Paris baffled all calculation, and showed that he had few enemies in France. Ney was sent out to oppose him, but whether his troops declared against the Bourbons, or he was the first to join his old master, is not known; but it is

certain that he returned with him to Paris. When that capital surrendered to the allied troops, after the battle of Waterloo, Marshal Ney considered himself safe under the convention, which guaranteed the lives of the Parisians. This was not the case. Marshal Ney was tried for high treason; and condemned to death on the 9th of November, 1815. He was shot on the *Place de Grece*, and died exclaiming, *Vive la Patrie! Vive la nation Française!*

A plain tomb was erected to the memory of Marshal Ney in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, by his disconsolate widow, with this inscription—"Marshal Ney, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of La Moskwa, died Dec. 7, 1815. The tomb was much visited, and persons of all nations inscribed their sentiments on it, some of which not being very congenial to the feelings of the Bourbons, the tomb was removed, though the grill or railing are suffered to remain, and inclose the ashes of the "bravest of the brave."

*Military Sympathy.*—Sir R. Steele has, in his preface to the *Conscious Lovers*, taken notice of a General Officer's weeping, in a front box, at the scene between *Indiana* and her father; on which occasion he relates Mr. Wilkes', the comedian's, just observation upon it, "That he was certain he would fight ne'er the worse for that." When the play of *Venice Preserved* was revived at Drury Lane Theatre, about 30 years ago, one of the grenadiers who was posted on the stage, was observed by the audience to be at times deeply affected at the performance.—At several speeches he seemed agonized, by distorting his body, and though the spectators several times laughed at him, he remained with fixed attention to the scene. But in the last, where one friend stabs the other on the scaffold, he could suppress his feelings no longer, but burst into a flood of tears. The audience was so affected with the soldier's simple, honest heart, that they loudly applauded him, and a Noble Duke, then at the head of the army, who was behind the scenes, sent for him, and gave him a guinea, stating that "he was perfectly sure he was an honest and brave fellow."

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